F. MADAN
OXFORD

A

Funeral Sermon

On the much lamented Death of

The Rev. Mr. THOMAS JONES,
M. A. (late Chaplain of St. *Saviour's*, *Southwark*,

Who departed this Life *June* 6, 1762. in the Thirty-fifth Year of his Age.

To which is added, an ELEGY, and an HYMN, sung at his Funeral.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. Psalm cxvi. 8.

By the Reverend Mr. MADEN,

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SERMON, &c.

THE Goodneſs of God induced him to create Mankind; and his View in creating them was that they might be happy: A charitable Man co-operates with his Maker: His View too is univerſal Happineſs: And, were it conſiſtent with Divine Revelation, he would wiſh and pray, that the Time would come, when Miſery and Evil ſhould be totally annihilated. Will not God reward ſuch a Servant, the Fellow-Labourer with his Providence? He will, he does reward him with Faith, and Hope, and Joy in this Life, and in the World to come with everlaſting Felicity; with the View and Participation of univerſal Happineſs, which his Soul moſt earneſtly wiſh'd for—tho' perhaps thro' the Weakneſs of Nature, the Strength of Temptation, and Wiles of the Devil, he may by particular Actions have ſometimes interrupted it.

As the ſmaller Stars, and all impure artificial Lights, dwindle and become inviſible before the meridian Sun: The Frailties and Imperfections of Human Nature will be loſt and vaniſh, *the Multitude of Sins cover'd*, hid eternally from the Face of

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of God and Man, where Charity lights up its glorious Lamp.

The Glory of God is his Goodneſs. A charitable Man becomes Competitor with his Maker for Glory; and the nearer he approaches to an Equality with him, the more acceptable he becomes to his glorious Rival.

Learned Divines have made it appear highly probable, that the governing Paſſions of the Soul follow it into another World: If ſo—what proper Receptacle, do we think, is provided for malicious, turbulent, revengeful Souls, but—'Regions 'of Sorrow, doleful Shades, where Peace and 'Reſt can never dwell, Hope never come'? Where they may mingle everlaſting Broils, and gratify their favourite Paſſions to their eternal Torment. Again, the Meek, the Peaceable, the Humble, or in one Word the Charitable Soul—where can a juſt and gracious God ordain its Reſidence, but in thoſe bleſsful Regions, where reign Peace and Harmony—Univerſal and Eternal. For,

By Faith we obtain, and by Hope in a manner anticipate the Joys of Heaven: Yet both theſe excellent Graces are inferior to Charity: Indeed, to an uncharitable Man, Faith becomes a Torment, and Hope is unattainable. If 'tis poſſible for ſuch a Man to believe the Goſpel, Terror meets him in every Page: Let him turn his Eyes which way he will, he ſees himſelf threaten'd with everlaſting Puniſhment: with a Worm that dieth not, and a Fire that is not quenched: In ſuch a terrified unſettled Soul gentle Hope, and Peace, her lovely Com-

panion,

panion, can never dwell; and Faith itſelf commences Executioner. The Man believes, 'tis true, *he does well*; but St. *James* tells us, *that the Devils alſo believe and tremble. As the Body without the Spirit is dead, ſo Faith without Works is dead alſo.*

Faith endeth in Knowledge, and Hope in Enjoyment, but Charity never faileth; but from Knowledge and Poſſeſſion gains Vigour and Luſtre. The Seed of Charity cheriſh'd in the Soul on earth, when tranſplanted into a Heavenly Climate, expands its fair and fruitful Branches, and thrives and flouriſhes to Eternity. Glorified Spirits contemplate God, the Author of their Happineſs, *in whoſe Preſence there is Fulneſs of Joy, and at his Right-hand Pleaſures for evermore, they ſee his Glory, and his Goodneſs; they become like him, for they ſee him as he is* not *through a Glaſs darkly, but Face to Face; the Lamb in the midſt of the Throne of God leads them to living Fountains of Waters*; they perceive themſelves and their happy Companions going on from Strength to Strength, perpetually encreaſing in bliſs and Glory: Hence ſuch Love of God ſuch mutual Complacency, ſuch Tranſports and Ecſtaſies of Joy, that Heaven itſelf is only capable of containing them and the Tongues of Angels only ſufficient to deſcribe them.

Ceaſe then to be *Lovers of your own ſelves*: Conſider how little a Part each Individual is of the proper Object of his Affections. Your Saviour came *to fulfill the Law*: to unite all Mankind in the Bond of Charity; and Charity he has made the Characteriſtic of his Diſciples. Your God created you for

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the Enjoyment and Promotion of Happineſs; but before you enjoy it, you muſt promote it: The very Promotion of it is the Enjoyment of it: There is an eſſential Truth in this Chriſtian Maxim---*It is more bleſſed to give than to receive.* The one repreſents the Power and Goodneſs of God; the other the Weakneſs and Neceſſities of Man. Enlarge therefore your Souls and Affections, till you find that you have incloſed in the mighty Circumference Friends, Relations, Strangers, Enemies, the Animal Creation.—But *with all your Hearts, with all your Souls, with all your Strength, and with all your Mind, love the Lord your God,* the Father Almighty, the great and good Creator, and Preſerver of them all; God the Son, Jeſus Chriſt, your Saviour and Redeemer; and God the Holy Ghoſt, that can enlighten your Underſtandings, and make you truly ſenſible, that Goodneſs and Happineſs will to all Eternity be inſeparable Companions.

An ELEGY, *On the much lamented Death of The Reverend Mr.* THOMAS JONES, *M. A. (Late Chaplain of St.* Saviour's Southwark; *) Who departed this Life,* June *the 6th,* 1762. *In the Thirty-fifth Year of his Age.*

AH Mournful times dark Clouds doth now appear,
Darkning the ſtar whoſe light did ſhine moſt clear,
The Soldiers landed in the realms of light,
And Jones, with Paul, beholds the glorious ſight,
Of Jeſus Chriſt, their Redeeming King,
Which makes his Tongue with Eloquence to ſing,
Worthy is Chriſt, my Saviour Dear indeed,
Who hath my Soul from Sin and Sorrow freed,
A Faithful Miniſter of Chriſt was He,
And always did continue ſo to be;
He fed the flock of Chriſt with tender care,
And of his Labour he did never ſpare:
His Heart was full of God's Eternal Love,
The Spring which maketh all the Wheels to move,
He felt the power of Chriſt upon his Heart,
Which made him often long for to depart,
And leave this World of Sin, and ſorrow here,
To be with Chriſt his Lord and Saviour Dear,
For to enjoy him in the Courts above,
In ſweet delight with everlaſting Love.
His chief delight the Goſpel was to preach,
That Sinners, he the ways of God might teach,
Great Eloquence did on his Tongue appear,
When he to God his Saviour, did draw near,

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The Goſpel Trumpet he did ſound aloud,
Joy to the Méek, but Sorrow to the Proud,
He lov'd the humble Soul, and the Contrite,
They were the Objects of his Hearts delight,
He with the reſt of Gods dear Saints below.
Temptation, Sin, and Sorrow here did know;
The Fleſh, the World, and Devil did combine,
To hinder him that ſo he might not ſhine,
Within the Church of Chriſt, his Saviour dear,
But all in vain when Chriſt he did appear:
With meekneſs ſufferings by it overcame,
And all their threefold Cord he broke in twain.
Chriſt's Glorious Power doth to Saints appear,
Whilſt they are on this earthly Hemiſphere,
To give them Grace, Wiſdom, Power and light,
Until their Faith is turned into ſight;
A dear and loving Miniſter is gone,
His dear Redeemer for to wait upon,
Where he in pleaſure now doth ſit and ſing,
New Songs of Praiſe to Chriſt his heavenly King,
Mean while the Church is in a vale of tears,
Being overwhelm'd with ſorrow, grief and cares;
For loſs of him their Friend and Brother dear,
Who is by Death removed from them here.

The EPITAPH.

DEAR Saint thy Body now entomb'd muſt lay,
In Duſt until the Reſurrection Day,
Mean time thy Shepherd he will watch thy Duſt,
Until the Reſurrection of the Juſt;
Then he will raiſe thee from thy duſty Bed,
Among the reſt of all the Pious Dead;

Then

Then meet thy mourning Friends, and ever be,
At Rest with them, to all Eternity.

An HYMN.

THEE we adore eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be.
Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As Months and Days increase,
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
The years rolls round and steals away,
The breath that first it gave,
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the Tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
Great God on what a slender thread,
Hang everlasting things,
The eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.
Infinite Joy and endless woe,
Attend on ev'ry Breath,
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of Death.
Waken O Lord our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road,
And if our Souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.